

breake the pate on thee, I am a verie villaine, come & be hangd,
hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gadshill. Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lanterne, to se my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay by God soft, I know a trickeworth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2 Car. I, when, canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry Ile see the hangd first.

Gad. Sirra Cartier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Exeunt.

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth picke purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow master Gadshill, it holds currant that I told you yester night, there's a Franckelin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred markes with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worshipst Saint Nicholas, as truly as a man off falsehood may.

Ga. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hangs with me, and thou knowest hee is no starueling: tut, there are other

Troians

Troians that thou dreamst not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their owne credit sake make all whole. I am ioyned with no footeland rakers, no long-staffe sixpennie strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple hewd maltworms, but with nobilitie, and tranquillity, Burgomasters & great Oneyers, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner then speake, and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their booties.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their booties? will she hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a castle cocksure: we haue the receite of Ferneseede, wee walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneseed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *home* is a common name to all men: bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable, farewell, ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.

Poin. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remooued Falstaf's horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falstaf.

Fals. Poynes. Poynes, and be hangd Poynes.

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe?

Fals. What Poynes, Hal?

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

Fals. I am accurst to rob in that theeues companie, the rascall hath remooued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauell but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworne his company houely any time this xxij. yeere, and yet I am be-

C 2

witch